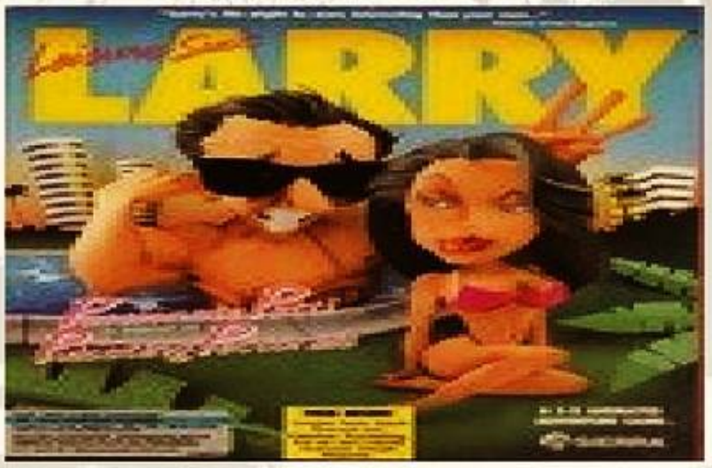
Medical Model Human Delivery System



Deane on Vacation
Just Johnny's Type

He rode his kick-ass bike on $CAMH drug-runs to patients all over Thing Street, including Butch. Junkies had it all....

Johnny often met him at the end of his drug run, when he stopped to remove his bike helmet and adjust his few remaining head hairs in the window of Asylum Donuts. DEANE worked upstairs. He would catch Johnny studying his reflection as he smiled at himself. He'd smile back, at BOTH of them.

He stopped Johnny when he was postering on THING STREET. It was PIZZA NITE. DEANE was with a client. The client would have come between them, as LYTTON STRACHEY used to say, but she wanted a SLICE. DEANE ditched her, and accompanied Johnny down THING STREET, to the TWIN TOWERS.

They talked. DEANE repeated the sayings of GREAT PRAETORIUS, former CEO and BAG-MAN EXTRAORDINAIRE for the SHARKE INSTITUTE. They illustrated the terrible OBTUSENESS about MADNESS endemic among $CAMH staff, and Satraps - especially Praetorius and Eel.

Patients approached them on THING STREET, parroting the same slogans: transforming lives, part of the family, removing stigma, new kind of hospital, etc. They'd been prescribed some bromides, with their meds.

DEANE said wouldn't it be NICE, if they were TRUE.

He gave DEANE the latest edition of THING STREET ASYLUM. It wasn't true either, but Johnny thought he might like to keep it as a souvenir....

Maintaining regular channels of communication with DEANE proved